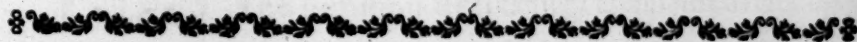


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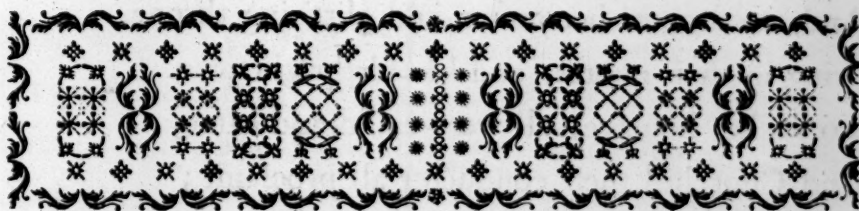
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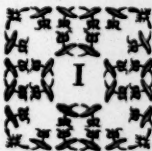
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A  
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 MAGINATION kept her court on high,  
In a bright region of the western sky ;  
And summon'd all things that the earth contains,  
The air, the water, or that fable strains  
To her enrichment, to come forth and grace  
Her royal mansion, an unbounded space ;  
Her vaulted roofs that touch the orbs above ;  
Her gardens, where the Gods themselves might rove ;  
And

And, to support her crown and glitt'ring throne,  
 Bring in their quotas, and her birthright own.  
 To do her homage, all were call'd and came,  
 And Churchill their conductor all proclaim ;  
 Churchill her favourite, the new-blown flow'r,  
 The ornament of her enchanted bow'r.  
 The beauteous queen receives th' united voice  
 With grateful sense of her approved choice ;  
 And then invests her ministerial guide,  
 \* (Rainbows furrounding them on ev'ry side)  
 With all the ensigns of his airy state,  
 Prepar'd by the fair train that on him wait.  
 Poetry, Painting, Music, blith and gay,  
 To raise the splendor of the gawdy day ;  
 Her handmaids all, sisters by birth and love,  
 In pleasant rivalry now warmly strove.  
 The eldest, Poetry, adorn'd his head ;  
 Painting put on his robes ; the youngest maid  
 Music, inform'd his speech, and on his tongue  
 In golden numbers wond'rous accents hung.

. Each

\* So many rainbows together, to be better poetry than philosophy, is willingly admitted.



Each kindred art attends, each kindred art  
 In the fantastic pageant bears a part. —  
 The pageant ended, the imperial dame  
 Resum'd her throne, and thus with distant aim  
 Address'd the list'ning throng, with gracious mien,  
 A heart benevolent, and mind serene.

' Mildly to govern, be the pride of kings,  
 ' Whose truest pow'r from acts of mercy springs.  
 ' Let those they govern feel, yet chuse their sway,  
 ' And lose in love th' idea of obey.  
 ' To punish crimes is sure a royal trust :  
 ' Yet in extremes all punishment's unjust.  
 ' Cruel resources serve from hour to hour,  
 ' ----No more, and sink the dignity of pow'r.  
 ' Tortures and pincers I disclaim, nor know  
 ' Revengeful triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe ;  
 ' To hang with transport over gasping life,  
 ' Because I'm dext'rous at the scalping knife ;  
 ' Struggling 'gainst nature, that would else recoil,  
 ' To view th' ungen'rous deed and bloody spoil ;  
 ' To flay and smile, and to declare my glee  
 ' At ev'ry pang, to boast of butchery,

‘ And all for vanity, because alone  
 ‘ I hold the engine that extorts the groan;  
 ‘ Far be it from the practice of my realm,  
 ‘ Where pow’r is lodg’d sufficient at the helm,  
 ‘ (Without their passing through a heart of steel)  
 ‘ To try and judge, and make the impious feel.  
 ‘ But who shall cry “ to me it does belong  
 “ Thus to pronounce, and thus on right and wrong?  
 ‘ Who is a court alone? to try, condemn,  
 ‘ To measure crimes at will, or blast a name?  
 ‘ The mart for mischief, the vile heart of man,  
 ‘ Adopts but cannot justify the plan;  
 ‘ Such approbation as will ever owe  
 ‘ Less to a just than a well-pointed blow.  
 ‘ It needs not that the mighty lord of verse  
 ‘ Be clear of vice himself; let him immerse  
 ‘ His foul in sin, his quick’ning magic ray  
 ‘ That draws forth yours, shall purge his sin away,  
 ‘ And multiply delinquency on those,  
 ‘ Whom victims for his garlands he has chose.  
 ‘ All must give way to swell keen Satire’s page,  
 ‘ Nor would whole kingdoms satiate her rage.

‘ Sacred

‘ Sacred Religion, Phyfic, Arms and Law  
 ‘ Have each their imperfection and their flaw.  
 ‘ ’Tis time for Satire then, in frantic mood  
 ‘ (Virtue assum’d self-giv’n) to cry aloud,  
 “ Conquest, that gilds th’ iniquity of kings,---  
 “ Worship, that flows from foul and tainted springs,---  
 “ Law, that with justice plays for hire or strife,---  
 “ Phyfic, that lengthens death, and shortens life.---”  
 ‘ Thus might she rave in her delirious dream ;  
 ‘ And these respected subjects be her theme.  
 ‘ Nor if a Cumberland should rise to save,  
 ‘ When superstition arms the rebel slave ;  
 ‘ When wild dismay has stretch’d through all the land,  
 ‘ Doubling the strength of the insulters band,  
 ‘ And by a calm deportment, dauntless smile,  
 ‘ Winning address, and courage, should beguile  
 ‘ The fearful of their fear, should lead the bold,  
 ‘ Instruct the skillful, and the rash withhold,  
 ‘ Firmly push on, nor let mistrust take breath,  
 ‘ But seek their safety in the gates of death ;  
 ‘ Would the dread satyrist one trophy raise ;  
 ‘ Or knows his haughty spirit how to praise,  
 ‘ Unless

' Unless oppos'd to some devoted head,  
 ' His praise is fetch'd from distant heroes dead.  
 ' But soft ! a sound breaks in upon my ear ;  
 ' And it is Panegyrick that I hear :  
 ' \* Come, Panegyrick : sure it is her voice ;  
 ' Make way, that she may come. I shall rejoice,  
 ' When I behold again that comely face ;  
 ' And though misguided by her tardy pace,  
 ' I thought she had been spirited away ;  
 ' I thought her honesty was led astray ;  
 ' Seduc'd by a false glare and show of truth,  
 ' (The surest bait for honesty and youth.)  
 ' Yet if her innocence is not betray'd,  
 ' More lovely will return the heav'nly maid.  
 ' For having slept in Satire's darksome cell,  
 ' Proof against all her art and ev'ry spell.  
 ' Will she not then return array'd in white,  
 ' And view black Satire's wardrobe with affright ?  
 ' Will she not chafely sing her chearful song,  
 ' The song of praise, the praise that does belong

\* Refers to the same Words in Churchill's Poem of the Candidate, COME, PANEGYRICK, three or four times repeated with some sort of promise of a poem upon that subject.



' To godlike acts, unmix'd with barb'rous notes  
 ' Of cruel farcaſm, and the air that floats  
 ' Upon detraction's putrid noiſome breath,  
 ' The life of ſatire, reputation's death?  
 ' Let her not rack me with unkind ſuſpence,  
 ' Humanity's the word, or let her hence.  
 ' And here I muſt lament my adverſe fate,  
 ' I, who but now, with full-blown hopes elate,  
 ' To ſee the proud advance, and bold career  
 ' Of one, who albe't not without compeer,  
 ' To none inferior, made my temples blaze  
 ' With lights of ſuch a caſt, as did amaze  
 ' The vot'ries and frequenters of my ſhrine,  
 ' And with ſenſations of a mould divine,  
 ' In high-wrought ode, and deep illuſive ſtrain,  
 ' Brought back as yeſterday paſt times again:  
 ' Greatneſs and tenderneſs of ſoul, by turn †  
 ' Pour'd forth in words that melt, that fire, that burn:  
 ' I, who had figur'd to what height I'd riſe,  
 ' Had all theſe proſpects play before my eyes,

C

' When

† Gray's Poems---Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

Spoke of Dryden.

' When Gray forsook me, and no more is seen †  
 ' Beside the rill, the wood, or on the green ;  
 ' No more his course tow' rds Snowdon's summit bends, ||  
 ' Or in long story wantons with his friends. \*  
 ' Return, return, for the world must not lose  
 ' Through spleen and whim the treasures of thy muse.  
 ' Thy muse un sullied with invective ink,  
 ' A poison which no candid pen can drink,  
 ' Just and dispassionate with equal blood, †  
 ' Rebukes the wicked and informs the good,  
 ' Candour, of all alike th' impartial friend, †  
 ' Well dis appoints fell satire's hateful end ;  
 ' Base end, to strain all vice beyond it's mark,  
 And place intruding virtues in the dark ;  
 ' To make faults vices ; vices crimes ; from thence  
 ' T' apply the rack to ev'ry slight offence ;

For

† Gray's Poems. ————— Nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.  
 Speaking of himself.

|| Refers to the poem on the destruction of the Welch bards.

\* Refers to a humorous poem call'd A Long Story.

† Churchill's Poems.

When she of all alike the puling friend,  
 Would dis appoint my Satire's noblest end.  
 Come Candour by thy dull indifference known,  
 Thou equal-blooded judge, thou luke-warm drone.

- ‘ For no one purpose but to raise a name
- ‘ Upon the gen’ral pile of ruin’d fame.
- ‘ But Candour sickens at proud Satire’s feast,
- ‘ Though the most poignant sauce invite the guest ;
- ‘ Candour that deals in plain and wholesome food,
- ‘ Serves up no season’d dish to fire the blood ;
- ‘ Nor seeks to pamper the adult’rate mind,
- ‘ Or cram the gaping malice of mankind.
- ‘ Then come, my son, while I the flowers strew
- ‘ That mark thy way, come forth, my Gray, and shew,
- ‘ That to be great in Satire, all self-love,
- ‘ All hate of others must far off remove ;
- ‘ That reformation gently points out sin,
- ‘ While persecution hunts alone for men ;
- ‘ That the abuse of pow’r, or strength, or wit,
- ‘ Proclaims the tyrant’s heart that uses it ;
- ‘ That no man ever sees what lengths he goes,
- ‘ Whom vanity directs in all he does ;
- ‘ Shew forth thy talents, that will ne’er resort
- ‘ To easy Defamation’s vile support ;
- ‘ And, oh ! could my fond wish at last prevail,
- ‘ That tow’ring geniusses like yours, which fail

† Triumphant

' † Triumphant through this azure deep, would bear  
 ' The breath of life, and health from air to air ;  
 ' And sweep contagious slander from the skies,  
 ' That Truth, when Justice calls, might fairly rise  
 ' To grace the Satyrift's severest word,  
 ' And make him fear'd, rever'd, and not abhor'd :  
 ' Then might he spread afar his big controul,  
 ' With chastisement unite a gen'rous foul,  
 ' And like Heav'n labour to reform and mend,  
 ' Not tear to pieces like a hell-born fiend.

† In Gray's poem's, speaking of himself ;  
 -----Tho' he inherit  
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
 That the Theban eagle bear ;  
 Sailing with supreme dominion,  
 Thro' the azure deep of air.

M A Y, 1764.

